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WWII Robot



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Chapter 1 by Andrew Hartmann

The year was 1944. Me and some other soldiers in my group were walking through the French countryside. Besides the men, was our medic. You probably won't believe me but our medic is actually a robot. I don't know how the scientists back in America made him, nor do I care. All I know is that it's one helluva medic. Its stainless steel body has no problem taking in enemy bullets and can patch a man up in less than a minute.

We've pretty much just been walking since the invasion of Normandy a couple days ago. I probably haven't have made it this far if it wasn't for the medic. When the boat doors dropped open and I was hit by a couple MG-42 bullets. It's name is M3D-1C which is basically 'medic', so that's what we call it.

So back into the French Countryside, this is where the story actually begins. We spotted a battalion of Nazi soldiers coming over the hill in the distance. The only drawback to Medic is that it runs on gas and it releases gas out it's back, so it was pretty easy for them to spot us as well. Then they started shooting.

Chapter 2 by Andrew Hartmann

The roar of the German's MP-40 machine gun was heard behind a big pine tree, I swung my Thompson sub-machine gun around me, I could feel it. I turn off the safety and start blazing bullets at the enemy.

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When my clip was empty, I released the clip from the gun and shoved in a new one. I looked up to see Medic being sprayed by bullets but not taking any severe damage. It simply just aimed it's Browning automatic rifle at the Nazis and took them out in short bursts.

When the barrage was over, and all the enemy were dead, all of us came out of cover. Medic just simply brushed off some bullets that had stuck into him.

It then proceeded to walk down the path that we were walking down previous to the encounter with the enemy. A couple guys and I exchange glances of awe and then start following the robot. Deeper into the French countryside.

Chapter 3 by Dylan Barlow



Night was falling quick by the time we reached the village. It was abandoned, just as intelligence had said it would be. The German platoon that was holding it had deserted, and had only left behind a few antiaircraft pieces. M3D-1C treaded on without saying a word.

The village was quiet. There was a small goat farm by the edge of the village, and the young billy goats bleated as we passed. No doubt the older ones had been slaughtered earlier in the war. We crept into the village, and the cold metal I was holding my Thompson by began to vibrate, a deep roll emanating from somewhere, or something we couldn't see.

Suddenly we heard someone yell out. Joey the young boy from Boston, still fresh faced and right out of boot camp, the one who lied on his draft papers and is only 16. Joey the boy who has only let off three rounds from his M1 since we landed. Joey the one who was unlucky enough to be standing by the brick library when the Panther sitting at the end of the street fired. M3D-1C rushed over to the screaming boy and began to work.

The rest of us had our own work to do.

Chapter 4 by Alex



The gun fire ceased long enough for us to know that the enemy had retreated.

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mound of bricks. What a way to go.

M3D-1C didn't think he'd die. The man that he had been working on had passed out; not enough blood. M3D-1C simply lay him straight and pushed through our circle to Joey. He plucked Joey up and we started moving. He got some funny looks, but most of the men stared at their feet.

We got awful good at that, not looking. If you looked up it made it harder to shoot and that, that wasn't helpful in a war. We passed some pretty pieces of land, a beautiful opera house too. But none of us felt like we could enjoy any of it, we didn't deserve that kind of thing, pleasure. In a war, nobody fights on the good side.

It been three days, M3D-1C is running our of gas. He's still carrying Joey. Joey is still barely alive. We all are...

Chapter 5 by Andrew Hartmann



We had to stop at an old country house when Medic finally ran out of gas. The smoke coming from its back ceased and it drooped it's head. Just standing there like a piece of scrap metal. But we all knew that it wasn't. That thing was probably more of a soldier than any of us could ever dream of being.

When we arrived at the house, the door was locked. That meant there might be civilians held up inside. The men that carried Medic just set him down on the porch. Then I knocked on the door. "Hello? Anyone home?"

There was no answer. After a couple seconds, our heavy gunner Jed grew impatient and advanced on the door and was about to break it down when we all heard rumbling in the inside.

I put my hands up on a nearby window to see inside better and I took a look. I couldn't see what had made that ruckus but I couldn't identify anything. Finally, an older man, maybe in his late sixties came walking slowly towards the door with a double barrel shot gun in his hands. He

must of saw that we were Americans and not Nazis so he unlocked the door and asked what we were doing at his house in France.

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Jed was the first to speak

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had a very booming and deep voice and was also very tall and well built.

"He asked what we're doing here," I chimed in. I was the only one in the squad that knew how to speak French. I then tell him that we need gas, and I point back at Medic.

The Frenchman's eyes got wide when he saw the metal person and backed up a bit in surprise. "Suivez-moi," the man says while starting to walk to his shed. He meant 'follow me' so I started to follow him and the rest of the group followed me.

As we were walking to his shed, the man ahead of us gets sniped. Most likely from a Nazi over watch.

Chapter 6 by Andrew Hartmann



All of us immediately take cover by anything we could find. I found my shelter behind an old tractor. The bang of the sniper shot echoed through the sky. We had no idea where the sniper was but we knew he was somewhere.

Jed stands up and starts shooting in the direction and while yelling, "Want some of this?" The sniper must of saw him standing in his scope, because he took a shot at Jed's head. The first shot missed, Jed realized that he was being shot back at so he got back down under cover.

"We need to find gas for Medic!" I yell to get the squad moving. A couple guys start double timing it to the shed. Jed and I were going to stay and take out the sniper.

I took out my binoculars and tried to see where he was shooting from. It didn't take me long to find a Nazi helmet sticking out form the top of a hill.

I then tell Jed where I just saw the sniper.

"We gotta take em out if we wanna get outta here alive!" Jed yells at me while running out of cover. He jumps into a truck, probably owned by the man who owned the house. I hopped in the back of the pickup and he started driving towards the position of the sniper.

Jed swerved so it would be harder for the sniper to aim at us, and it worked. But the sniper got a

lucky shot and hit the tire. The old truck starts swerving out of control and I jump out the back and land behind a large rock. Jed jumps out the back and jumps out behind a fallen tree. The truck keeps going.

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From our new locations, we wait for the sniper. I'm pretty sure I could make the shot from here. "Hey! Distract him for me!" I yell over to Jed.

He gives me a thumbs up and starts running out of cover. I could see the sniper take his aim off me and put it on Jed. I quickly come out of cover and aim at the sniper. I exhale slowly and shoot a burst, hoping that one of the bullets would hit him. It was a direct hit, and the sniper dropped dead. Now we had to get back to the house and help find Medic gas.

Chapter 7 by Rippy the Blue FemScout



We went into the house and searched all over the entire building for gas. Eventually Mark found a jerry can full of gasoline and we filled M3D-1C up with gas.

We found more jerry cans full of gas and took at least one or two cans with us in case if we didn't find anymore houses that had gas. The day was almost over, and we settled into the house, hoping that the tenants wouldn't mind missing a few cans and food rations.

As the next day dawned, we continued on our journey into the French territory. Medic trailed ahead of us, in case if there were enemy infantry and snipers waiting and he would take the damage for us.

So far, there weren't anymore enemies that were waiting, but more tanks were rolling by as we hid from their line of sight.

We trekked on and on, stopping at abandoned houses along the way. We reached an abandoned looking house one day and as we entered, I heard a shout from upstairs. Soon, the tenants came downstairs and they stopped dead at the sight of us.

"Please, mercy on us!" said the man as he dropped onto his knees and waved his arms in the air. "We live here, we know what's going on, but please have mercy on us! Don't shoot us!"

His wife did the same thing, except she spoke in French. I motioned for my men to come inside so we don't get caught by the Nazis. That made the tenants shake with fear as they held their arms up in the air. I sighed and....

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"This is my wife Charlotte and my name is Henri, if there is anything you need just ask and I will see if it is at all possible.

"May we use your upstairs as a look out," I asked the man.

"Of course," He replied, "Follow me,"

"Mark and Jed, step up a position up stairs and keep a look out for a german counter attack.

They followed him upstairs, their footsteps resounding away.

I then turned to the woman and asked for food in my best french, "Nous avons besoin de nourriture."

She walked away and in a few seconds a beautiful smell wafted into the room filling it with the smell of pancakes and eggs.

I walked to the kitchen, grateful for her kindness and said, "Merci."

She replied, "De rien," Our squadron finally relaxed a little bit feeling at home in the little house.

She came back to the living room, her arms filled with plates. She handed one to each of us and then went to feed the men upstairs.

I dove into the breakfast, the eggs were the best I'd ever had and the pancakes reminded me of home. Charlotte came slowly down the stairs and asked one of the soldiers to get off of his chair.

He sat up and she moved it 6 feet. She rolled up the carpet which revealed a hatch.

"Evlen," she called down, "c'est sûr."

The hatch opened and a girl came out. She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Her brown hair flowed down her shoulders and her face was like an angels.

She looked at me and her eyes sparkled.

Henri came down the stairs and told me that Evlen was a Jew and they had been hiding her for three years.

My eyes widened in surprise and I looked over at the girl. She must have gone through a lot I thought to myself.

Feet stamped down the stairs and Mark cried out, his face rigid, "Three tigers, 2 stug's and 20 infantry, heading towards us.

"We will hide in the forest. We cannot engage a force as big as that," I said addressing everyone in the room.

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We ran out the back of the house and towards the forest, taking cover behind anything we could find. The edge of the forest loomed close and something moved.

I held up my hand in response.

We got down and held our guns up, our hands tense.

"American Tanker unit. Who are you define yourselves or we will blow you to smithereens.

I replied, "American 1st infantry platoon," and got up walking towards the tank that i could now just barely see.

"It's good to see some mor... " The Sherman blew up into flames. The Tiger rolled out into the open its MG-34 blazing and Another Sherman blew up, the cockpit blowing 30 feet backwards. The last Sherman was able to roll into action but it stood no chance and got one shot off. It made a simple dent in the mammoth tank and it responded with a powerful blast from its 8.8 cm gun. The Sherman was gone.

"This way," I screamed over the turmoil. I headed deeper into the forest, my squad following me. M3D-1C was lagging behind, carrying Joey.

"Okay let's stop," I said and the men gratefully sank down tired after the hard run. The ground was soft and relaxed. Night started falling and one by one we fell asleep.

I twisted and turned and finally fell asleep with one thought on my mind, Evlen.

I sprang up. I didn't know what had waken me, it was still the middle of the night.

And then I heard it, voices, in German.

Chapter 9 by Captain



The cluster of voices slowly closed in and I quietly, as a mouse roused my squad. I could see flashlights in the distance, moving from side to side.

"Jed, your the quietist, move towards them and open fire," I barely breathed.

He faded into the dark night, a minute later he opened fire.

"Light em up," I yelled. A few of the lights fell to the ground, shining into the darkness, not moving.

"Medic," Screamed a man. Mark rushed over to him, and then was hit by some invisible force, knocking him backward.

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I ran towards the sniper, my lungs pumping air. His body was like a shadow and I could barely see it through the tree bows. I swung my M1 Garand up and taking a luck shot I fired. All I knew was that something fell to the ground, I didn't look back, the ground was spitting up at me the bullets barely missing. I kept running until I got back to my troop. Jed had rejoined and without the sniper we could rest a while.

As I kept watch, a small drone slowly, but surely got louder and louder. It was air support. As I looked up the Swastika greeted my eyes and I could see the bomb bay doors opening. The first bomb hit one of the trees around us and it sprang up into flames. We were trapped by the flames of hell.

Chapter 10 by Captain



"Get down," I screamed, the shells raining down around me.

The flames spread towards the town, leaping from tree to tree. I then I remembered, Evlen. The flames started to engulf their house.

"EVLEN! NO!" I screamed, a ran through the forest, right by a German sentry. He sprang up and raised his rifle, I twisted and weaved through the hail of bullets. I saw two bodies run out of the flaming house, no more. The flames were arching onto the roof and I ran into the blazing inferno. I threw the chair with all my might and through the carpet back. I lifted the hatch, the smoke choking me until I could only take ragged gasps, "Evlen... Come this way." I gave her my hand and she climbed up fearfully. I grabbed her in my scorched hands and ran out of the blazing inferno. I sprinted back through the forest, I gulped the precious air in, grateful for the relief on my lungs.

I force knocked Evlen out of my arms. A red circle grabbed her blouse, like a sickness was enveloping her.

"No, no, no. This cannot happen," I whispered to myself.

"We need to go," I recognized the voice of M3D-1C.

I looked up from my tears, my eyes coming in contact with his. I grabbed Evlens lifeless body and ran through the forest, M3D-1C body following close behind. I met my company and we ran though the forest to a clearing. The ground was dirt and we rested, the flames springing around

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Chapter 11 by Andrew Hartmann



The Germans must have thought that we died in the fire because by morning, we were not pursued by any enemies. By morning the fire was mostly out, and the forest was just miles of charred tree trunks. Medic has gotten Evlen all patched up. Medic said that she would survive.

We decided that we would call for evacuation because we had too many injured. The pilot in the radio said that he will they will be waiting for us a few miles to the north, back towards the coast.

After we all got are stuff packed up, we started heading north. Since Evlon couldn't walk well with her injury, I let her us me as a crutch. We could probably make it to the evac zone before nightfall.

As we walk along the gravel path, Jed hears something over the hill ahead of us. "Shush," Jed says holding a finger to his lips. "I hear... footsteps, lots of them."

"Do you think it's a Nazi patrol?" I ask getting to my knees.

"This far north?" one of our men asks.

"Don't know." Jed replies "Lets find out."

Before Jed even said that, Medic was already advancing over the hill. Since he opened fire, we assumed that the were Germans. I took refuge behind a large rock off the trail. I saw a couple German helmets pop above the hill. I aim my trusty sub-machine gun at them and open fire. I think I got a couple lucky shots because they dropped quickly.

Jed pulls a pin out of a grenade and chucks it over the hill. It explodes within seconds and sends some Nazis flying into the air. We decided to rush over the hill and see how many there actually were. When I got to the top I see at least ten German infantry standing looking at us in surprise. The rest of my squad lined up on the top of the hill and we started mowing down the enemy

with our fully automatic toys of death. They didn't even have a chance to ready their weapons.

We started down the hill, steps closer to getting out of this hell hole.

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Chapter 12 by Benjamin Washington



After about 20 minuets, we had already taken out the rest of the Germans. After e finish of the last of them we start to head off north again, pushing through slowly but surely.

After about 8 miles we decide to take a break after all I could only go so far with Evlen using me as a crutch. I could tell the journey to the evac wasn't going to be easy.

We start a camp at the break spot and stay there for about a day and a half. After only a day and a half Evlen seems to be healing really well. I'm sure she's going to make it. We're half way through packing up our stuff to hit the road to the evac and I can hear a rumbling in the distance, and it seems to be gradually louder... Suddenly I head someone in the squad say "tanks" under there breath.

My eyes widen. I'm starting to panic. "We've got to move!" I heard Jed yell. I can tell the tanks are pretty far away, the rumbling is still very quiet. But I do know that there's a lot of them and there coming north fast...

the end

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